

*The Historie of*

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascal haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines, Hal*, a plague vpon you both. *Bardoll, Peto*, Ile stand ere Ile rob a foote further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whistle*, Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my Horse, you rogues, Giue me my Horse, and be hangd.

*Prince*. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fal*. Haue you any leauers to list me vp againe being downe? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prince*. Thoulyest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Fal*. I prethee good *Prince Hal*, helpe mee to my Horse, Good Kings sonne.

*Prince*. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

*Fal*. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Haire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when icast is so forward, and a foot too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gad*. Stand.

*Fal*. So I doe against my will.

*Poin*. O tis our setter, I know his voyce: *Bardoll* what newes?

*Bar*. Case yee, case yee; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fal*. You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

*Gad*. There's enough to make vs all.

*Fal*. To be hangd.

*Prince*. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poin*es and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

*Peto*.

*Henry the fourth.*

*Peto*. But how many be they of them?

*Gad*. Some eight or ten.

*Fal*. Zounds, will they not rob vs?

*Prin*. What! a coward Sir *John Pannch*?

*Fal*. Indeed I am not *John of Gant* our Grandfather, but yet no coward, *Hal*.

*Prince*. Well, weele leaue that to the prooffe.

*Poynez*. Sirra *Iacke*, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt finde him. farewell, & stand.

*Fal*. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hangd. *(fast)*.

*Prince*. Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poynez*. Here hard by, stand close.

*Fal*. Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say, euery man to his businesse.

*Enter the Trauellers.*

*Tra*. Come neighbour, the boy shall lead our horses downe the hil, weele walke a foote a while, and ease our leggs.

*Theeues*. Stay.

*Tra*. Iesus blesse vs.

*Fal*. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horse on caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra*. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

*Fal*. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no yee fat chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men must liue, you are grand lurers, are yee? weele iure yee yfaith.

*Here they rob them and binde them: Enter.*

*the Prince and Poin*

*Prince*. The theeues haue bound the true men: now coulde thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

*Poynez*. Stand close, I heare them comming.

*Enter the Theeues againe.*

*Fal*. Come my maisters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the *Prince* & *Poynez* be not two arrant cowardes, theres no equity stirring, theres no more valour in that *Poynez*, than in a wild Duck.

*Prince*.